THE DEMOCRAT.

B. H. ADAMS, Publisher.

CAPE GIRARDEAU, - MISSOURI

RECONCILED.

She came when, waked by May-time weather,
The first rosebud its leaves unfurled
And Joy and Hope and Love together,
Went singing round the happy world.

And as she flowered and expanded
To perfect grace on every side,
We lived as in a land enchanted,
Wherein all things seem glorified.

We never dreamed God had but sent her
Into the world, this wonder-child,
To teach our hearts to be more tender,
And show us beauty undefiled;

And when—her Heavenly mission ended—
God called her spirit back to Him,
Our hearts with agony were rended,
Our eyes with bitter tears were dim;

And as with faltering feet we bore her
To her last earthly resting place,
And saw the turf heaped darkly o'er her,
Hiding the glory of her face,

We turned away with stony faces,
Refusing to be comforted;
"God is not Love, and he misplaces
His trust who thinketh so," we said.

But now—all past our foolish chiding,
All hushed our wailing, vain and wild.
And, as of old, in God confiding,
Our will with His is reconciled.

Ah, had she lived our hearts' dear treasure,
Who knows what pain, what grief, what tears,
What loss no human gauge can measure,
Might have been hers in after years?

Now, safe from Time, the rude Despoiler,
From sorrow saved, and sin, and strife,
Yea, safe from aught whose touch could soil her!
Her soul has won immortal life!

But still, in her diviner essence,
Unbroken speech with us she holds,
And with the glory of her Presence,
Dispels the darkness of our souls.

So radiant with celestial splendor,
How can we think of her as dead?
So loving still, so pure, so tender,
Why should we not be comforted?
—Charles W. Hubner, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE TRAMP AT THE DOOR.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

HE came to the back door, which he opened without the ceremonies of a knock, and entered the summer kitchen of the house to find it cold and unoccupied. As no sign: "Beware of the dog" greeted his one good eye, he kept on and climbed a short flight of terrestrial stairs where dilapidated saucepans and other culinary utensils had been ignominiously abandoned by the cook. Then he knocked at the second closed door which confronted him, and was almost immediately after faced by the entire household.

For his coming had not been unobserved. Everybody was there to meet him, but nobody was there to greet him—not at least with a kindly welcome. The several pairs of feminine eyes focused upon him expressed various degrees of wrath, fear, contempt and repulsion. The mistress of the house was young and pretty, but her face was set like a flint. Yet she had the kindest heart in the world. But when the tramp asked her for a bite to eat she ordered the cook to hand out a cup of coffee, a boiled egg, left over from the familytable, and some bread and butter. Then she gave the cook—by a glance of warning—a tip regarding the silver. The forks and spoons in that family were genuine and heirlooms, so the tramp ate his breakfast in the primitive fashion which obtained before knives and forks were invented. He seemed to have refined instincts in table etiquette, and the egg, which was soft boiled, rather bothered him, until he made a bit of the bread serve as a spoon. It was em-

"I CANNOT GET WORK, MA'AM."

barrassing, too, to eat with the mistress of the house watching him. It was more embarrasing to have her suddenly ask:

"Why are you a tramp?"

"I cannot get work, ma'am."

"Have you tried?"

"Yes'm. Look at my hands!"

She started back; for being versed in the social fad of palmistry she read in the palms he showed her the story of failure and defeat, and saw a life-line broken rudely ere it had reached half its natural limit.

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"In the station in the town beyond."

Again she thought of the silver, and half closed the door which she held as a barrier between her and this alien of his kind, who was making a paper napkin from a torn sheet lying near. It struck the young hostess forcibly that her guest was consistent with his surroundings. He was eating from a bread-board laid over a flour barrel, his implements being the ten servants that wait on man—his fingers.

"It was my first night in the station house," he continued, apologetically. "I had money of my own until last week—enough to buy lodgings. It being the holidays, it's hard to get work. Have you any work I can do to pay for my breakfast?"

She wanted to test him and prove that he was lazy and worthless, so that her conscience might never reproach her judgment, and she bade him carry a large packing-trunk, on one end of which he was seated, to the attic, a distance of three flights of stairs.

"I couldn't do it, ma'am."

She noticed that he didn't say "lady," as professional tramps do.

"I am too weak for want of regular food to lift or carry anything heavy, but I could do light chores. I can carry coal in, or empty ashes, or clean—the silver."

There was a sparkle of caustic mirth—it could hardly be called impudence—in his lack-luster eyes, and his hos-

"I AM NOT GOING THIS MORNING," SHE SAID.

tess actually shrunk in alarm at his suggestion.

"You are welcome to your breakfast," she said, coldly, and moved as if to close the door.

"Thank you, ma'am; I'm going on, so you won't see me again, but I want to say something. The church bells sound grand, don't they? And you are going to church to put money in the plate for the heathen and to pay for charity. And you have fed me this morning in His name. If He came to ask one single meal of your charity, would you have given Him a cold bite outside in the freezing blast, or asked Him in, and seated Him by a warm fire?"

"Christ would not have robbed and perhaps murdered me for doing good."

"Nor would I. There are desperadoes in the highest circles of society as well as in the ranks of the outcast. But do you not think it kinder to keep a dog and not put your charity to such a severe strain? 'The greatest of these is charity,' reads in the revised edition 'the greatest of these is love.' Have I been enjoying Christian love this morning?"

As she did not answer he resumed his side of the discussion.

"It would have taken a few moments of your servant's time to warm the cup of cold coffee you gave me; and is a silver spoon of more account than the comfort of a being who has a soul? I would not have stolen the spoon, but you could not know that. Perhaps, ma'am, you have read 'Les Miserables,' and recall the old bishop, the silver candlestick, and Jean Valjean?"

At this moment the housemaid thrust something into the hand of her mistress—not the one holding the door, but the other which, held back, seemed asking for assistance. It was a toy pistol in silver and ivory which now reposed in the pink upturned palm, which resented the intrusion.

"Take it away and bring me my pocketbook," she said in a half-whisper. When that came she opened it and took a dollar from its folds.

"That is the amount I would have given to the collection this morning. Take it, and at the first opportunity buy a warm meal. And if you come this way again I will trust you to eat under my roof and give you a spoon."

"Give me half the money and save the rest for my brother."

"You have a brother, then, who is a tramp?"

"Every tramp is my brother and yours, in Christ, or the religion taught is a farce. He had not where to lay His head; neither have we. I shall not come this way again to tax your hospitality, but you will remember me and hereafter make yourself a cheerful giver whom the Lord loves."

He put on his disreputable cap and bobbled away, leaving an astonished household gazing after him. The cook and the housemaid had plenty to say about his impudence, but the young mistress held her peace. She was struggling for the first time with the great problem of the day, why men become tramps. When she relinquished her hold on the door, which had shut her in and that other member of the human family out, she went to her husband, who was ready for church.

"I am not going this morning," she said. "I have had the whole service, even to the collection;" and she related her experience with the tramp.

It did not reassure her to be told that she had aided criminality and that her offering would doubtless be exchanged for liquor, but she had begun the building of a bridge of trust, and somehow its architecture pleased her. She reasoned with the later-day poet whose verse she read with scarcely a thought of its application:

"He can't be altogether bad,
This outcast among men."

After that she dropped the theory and took up the practice of that much lauded virtue—charity.—Detroit Free Press.

IN COLDEST AFRICA.

Most People Think It's Always Torrid There, Yet Natives Have Been Frozen.

"In spite of all that has been written lately about the Transvaal republic, most people have an utterly mistaken idea about it," said Albert-Gerard Thiers, the tenor, who is well acquainted with it, the other day. "Most people that I find think that any spot in Africa is torrid and terrifically hot at all times, whereas, in reality, many of the nights, and particularly in June, are very cold, and it takes all the rugs and blankets that one possesses to keep him warm.

"Though the midday sun is almost as warm as any summer day," the tenor went on, "one needs to be well provided with covering if he proposes to pass the night on the veldt. To give you some idea of the cold of the plains at night I may tell you that a few winters ago several natives on their way to the fields were frozen on the road from Pretoria to Potchefstrom.

"Several of our party one day started from Bloemfontein for Pretoria, where the shooting was particularly good, and, as walking was cheap, we decided to go on foot, taking with us a couple of boys to carry our traps, which consisted of a change of linen, or rather flannels, a pair of blankets each, the cooking utensils and a spare gun. We had for our companion a young man whom we had met a few days previous to our departure—a young Scotchman but lately arrived in the country.

"Starting about two o'clock in the afternoon, we walked briskly, with occasional halts for coffee, until about ten o'clock at night, when the moon shone out in full, and we decided to turn in for the night. The wind was already blowing pretty fresh and we looked about for a place in the veldt where the ant hills were the thickest, so that we could set fire to two of them to heat ourselves and keep us warm during the bivouac. After having a cup of coffee and sitting around the fire until thoroughly warmed our party slipped off their boots and, putting them under our heads for pillows, pulled our blankets over our heads and feet and were soon fast asleep, imagining, of course, the Scotchman would do the same.

"About two o'clock, when the night was the coldest, we were all awakened by a dreadful groaning and, pulling our heads from our coverings, were astonished to see Mac huddled up on the ground with nothing over him but a rubber overcoat, shivering, chattering and moaning piteously. The fire was out. An icy wind was sweeping around the veldt. 'Good gracious, Mac, what's the matter? Where are your blankets?' we cried. 'I did — didn't bring any,' chattered the unfortunate youth. 'Didn't bring any? Then what on earth was that big bundle the Kaffir was carrying?' 'That was my b—best clothes,' moaned the sufferer.

"We were soon up and bundled the poor fellow into our own blankets, and, waking the boys, we made up a roaring fire and thawed him back to life. The next day, on arriving at Winberg, you should have seen Mac rushing into the first store, and regardless of 'siller,' buy two of the thickest blankets to be had. This man had never slept before outside of four walls, and had fondly imagined that in Africa he would need no covering. He made a common mistake about Africa."—N. Y. World.

FACTS ABOUT OUR COINAGE.

Money Making Began in This Country Two Hundred and Eighty-Four Years Ago.

The earliest coinage of America was made in 1612 for the Virginia company at Somer's islands, now called the Bermudas. In 1645 the assembly of Virginia provided by law for the coinage of copper pieces, but the law was not carried into effect. The earliest regular colonial coinage was in Massachusetts, in pursuance of an order of the general court, passed May 27, 1652. The coins, 12-pence, 6-pence, and 3-pence pieces, were soon afterward put into circulation. There was a Massachussetts 2-penny piece. One variety of the Massachusetts coinage had what is termed "a pine tree," another "a willow," and the third "an oak.' The first coinage of that colony was the "pine tree shilling" of 1650; the 2-penny and 1-penny pieces were coined in 1652. In 1785 the congress of the confederation adopted the plan presented by Thomas Jefferson for the national coinage, and in 1786 decided upon the names and characters of the coins. In 1787 a contract was made with James Jarvis for 300 of the copper coins authorized by congress. These were coined at New Haven and bore the date of 1787. In 1792 a code of laws was enacted for the establishment and regulation of the mint, which was established in 1793. The first issue of cents from the mint in Philadelphia was in 1793. The regular issue of the half-dime was in 1794, but a half-dime styled the "Martha Washington" was coined in 1792 as an experimental or pattern piece. The first issue of silver dollars was in 1794, and of dimes in 1796. The first golden coinage in eagles and half-eagles was in 1795.—N. Y. Dispatch.

Hygiene of Light.

A French scientist has been making experiments with the growth of plants under different conditions of colored light. Under the method of experiment the endeavor was made to keep the plants under similar conditions of temperature, moisture, soil, etc., so that it would be reasonable to infer that any abnormal differences in growth would be due to the difference in light conditions. It is reported, as a result of this experiment, that the red light produced even more noteworthy results than white light in the way of forcing growth. While the plants were strong and vigorous under the influence of white light, those under the red panes of glass grew to a greater height and burst into bloom earlier. The plants under the frame of blue glass showed little if any growth, but the leaves grew decidedly darker.—Detroit Free Press.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—There are plenty of dictionaries of French slang in existence, in which a slang word is explained in good French, and the first dictionary in which the slang equivalents for good French words are given is to be published in Paris. It is needed apparently by the writers of stories.

—A sister of the poet Longfellow, Mrs. Pierce, is still living at an advanced age in Portland, Me. She used to be a famous Sunday-school teacher, and there are many women, some of them grandmothers, who have a bond of union in having been members of "Mrs. Pierce's class."

—Heber M. Wells, the first governor of the state of Utah, was born in Salt Lake City 37 years ago, and was educated in the University of Utah. He was the republican nominee for mayor of Salt Lake City in 1892, but was defeated by R. N. Baskin, the present incumbent. He has been for five years cashier of the State bank of Utah. He is a member of the Mormon church.

—Lady Eastlake's letters and journal, just published, are full of racy reading. Here is one little tit-bit: "A lady was telling me yesterday that she had met Herbert Bismarck at the duke of Westminster's, and never came across a more conceited prig. I should like to toss Herbert Bismarck and Herbert Gladstone in one blanket and their papas in another. I must not venture to say more, or I will shock even you."

—Clara Barton is the first woman who ever held an official position under the United States government. When she was about 24 years of age she was appointed clerk in the patent office, which had then been organized but a few years, and she was still holding that position when she commenced her philanthropic work at the outbreak of the civil war in 1861.

—Much has been written about the home habits of the princess of Wales; less is known about the prince. It is stated that he is most ordinary and methodical in all his arrangements. Out of doors a dead tree or branch unremoved, a hedge unclipped, or a weedy walk, are a positive misery to him. Like the princess, he loves animals, chiefly dogs, and always has one special favorite.

—A London newspaper is authority for the statement that since William E. Gladstone's words of approbation served to make several recent English novels famous he has been in receipt of nearly every new work of fiction published in the English language. Every day his mail contains novels forwarded to him by publishers in England and America. If he read them all he would have no time to sleep or eat.

—In a book of reminiscences of Concord 30 years ago, by Frank Preston Stearns, just published, the author relates how Miss Alcott came to him one day, and asked him to take her out rowing. He complied, but he found it more of a job than he had anticipated. "This is the darndest boat I ever pulled," he remarked. "Frank," said Miss Alcott, "never say darn. Much better to be profane than vulgar.'

HUMOROUS.

—Willie—"Will teacher go to Heaven when she dies, ma?" Mrs. Ferry—"Yes, dear." "But will they let her in?"—Cincinati Enquirer.

—A Redeeming Trait. — Bashful—"Isn't that Stickative a bore; always dragging in his tiresome chestnuts?" Miss Waiting—"Yes, but chestnuts pop sometimes, don't you know."—Detroit Free Press.

—"Excuse me, sir," said Barker, to a boorish traveler, "but what is your business?" "I am a gentleman, sir. That's my business." "Ah," said Barker. "I see. You are taking a vacation."—Harper's Bazar.

—Hobson—"I don't hear you nowadays expressing the wish that it would snow good and hard. Haven't you got your cutter still?" N. Peck—"No, I'm married now, and we have a snow shovel in the cellar."—Philadelphia Record.

—Officer McGobb—"Here, now! If yez really bought th' chicken, pfwy are yez hidin' it under your coat?" Rastus—"Kase I do' want to git sandbagged on de way home. I guess I knows mah neighbors!" — Indianapolis Journal.

—"John," said the frightened wife in the middle of the night, "there's something moving down cellar, I'm sure. John (listening intently)—"Oh, it's nothing but the gas meter pegging away," he said, with a sigh of relief.—Harlem Life.

—Wife—"They say that Sarah's suitor is a man of very indolent habits. Is that so?" Husband—"On the contrary, my dear, he is a hard worker." Wife—"In what line?" Husband—"Well he has the hardest kind of work trying to live without doing anything."—Richmond Dispatch.

—An enthusiastic horticulturist, when he heard of the massacre of the English missionaries in China, wrote in his farm journal: "While we deplore bloodshed, it must be confessed that the English and American missionaries are a selfish lot, lacking in patriotism. They have never sent a seed of the famous melons of Asia back to their own country."

Uses for Hair.

Most people believe that fishing tackle makers are the only persons who have any employment for the barbers' clippings. A fact that has recently come to light however shows a new use to which human hair has been put. During the last year or two tons of hair have been packed between the plates of a certain part of war vessels. Hair is very elastic, and thus affords a most effective backing to metal. Again, it is being used very satisfactorily to form a kind of fender, which is thrown over the side of a vessel to prevent her scrubbing against the dock—to take the place, in fact, of more commonly used rope coils.—Chicago Chronicle.

IN PRIZE RING PARLANCE.

The Sporting Editor Officiates as Critic at a Paderewski Recital.

Among the swell mob that got entangled in the alluring meshes of Paderewski's hair the other night was the fighting editor. He for that one night's engagement only acted as understudy for the music critic, who was carried out of the house limp and lifeless on the opening night of the distinguished and gifted Pole's engagement and had not rounded to sufficiently to repeat. Paderewski was a revelation to the fighting editor. He didn't know what he was "going up against," as he expressed it when he returned to the office.

"Look here," he said to the managnig editor, half by way of protest. "This is not my game. I confess, not without regret, that it is too deep for me. I am not onto all the funny angles of Paderewski's art, as the lady in the corner says, but I am here to say that in my opinion he is the best two-handed piano fighter that ever wore hair. These musical sharps around here haven't done him justice. They have written whole columns about him, but they have filled their criticisms so full of dago words that an ordinary gawk like you or me can't tell whether they mean to say that he's a wonder or a counterfeit.

"From all I had heard about him I thought he was as big as Sullivan, but he looks as though he could do bantam weight with a haircut and a shave. His head looks like a bale of timothy hay with the bands cut. He looks as though you could pull him through a gas pipe if he blew the tassel he carries on his head.

"He looked like a licked man when he left his corner shuffling his feet across the stage with his fins dangling like a pair of empty stirrups. He had an eye like a dead mackerel and no more expression on his face than a lemon pie. I've seen people come up like that when they were just there to take a punch in the jaw and go out for the short end of the purse. No ginger in him, d'ye understand? It looked like a cinch for the piano that was standing with all the shutters off in the middle of the stage. But wait a minute. Paderewski makes one of them Jim Carney bows and sits down. It seems to take him a long time to get fixed. He runs his neck in and out of his collar a time or two, adjusts his cuffs, sizes up the piano, and then cuts loose. He fiddled a bit for an opening up around the pilly-willy-wink notes, then all of a sudden he swings his left on the bass end of the keyboard with a smash that rattles the chandeliers. The game was a sonata, with a lot of Harry Miner's con motos, Con Doyles and spaghettis in it, and he had his work cut out for him.

"After landing heavily with his left on the stomach of Mr. Piano, he got in a right hand smash or two over the heart that would put any ordinary box of wires out of the business. He secured an advantage early in the round that would have got him the fight if he cared to follow it up, but he lay away a bit as if afraid of police interference.

"After some sparring at the range he commenced fiddling for the head again with the right, running the fingers of his left through his hair, as much as to say: 'Oh, what a picnic!' He got going again about two minutes before the end of the round and had a long way the best of a hot two-handed mix-up, closing the round with a series of left-hand swings in the region of the belt and some short right-arm jabs and an upper-cut on the jaw. Then he bowed again and retired to his corner. The piano let go of a few keys.

"Paddy let up a bit in the second round and no wonder. If he kept up the pace he set in the first they would have had to send out and get another piano. For an opener he took on one of those soft and easy things, like punching the bag with big gloves."

"A nocturne, perhaps," suggested the versatile managing editor.

"A what?"

"A nocturne, a—"

"All right; let it go at that. It was either that or something else. Anyhow, it gave the piano a chance to get its second wind. After that he did a prelude and two etudes. I remember that is what they were called on the programme. I couldn't tell a prelude from an etude if you shook 'em up in a hat.

"The man with the mess of hair saved all his steam for the final round. Picking out a few more etudes and rhapsodies and things like that, he went at that piano with a vehemence that was truly inspiring, even to one who didn't know exactly what it was all about. Biff! bang! smash! Cross counters, uppercuts, uppercuts, jabs, half-hooks, and kidney punches! The air in front of that piano was filled with flying hands and hair. The practiced ear might have picked out of the crash and jumble a concord of sweet sounds, but I was too busy looking to listen. You talk about your fast fighters, but this bloke has the fastest I ever saw beat to death. If the piano had eight legs instead of four, it couldn't have got out of the way. It had to stand there and take it.

"I take off my hat to Paderewski, but my sympathies were with the piano. It was the gamest thing I ever saw. If I was a piano I wouldn't travel as Paderewski's sparring partner for two-thirds of the gross receipts."—Hugh E. Keogh, in N. O. Item.

A New Calling.

Baron—How I am to get my living? That is quite simple, Herr Graf. As you are aware, I have many acquaintances among the elite of the capital, and I intend to enter into an engagement with a large firm of dressmakers and milliners. It will be my duty to attend during the busiest hours of the day, and in my presence the fair purchasers will feel quite ashamed to haggle about the prices, d'ye see?—Fliegende Blaetter.

—The 40,000 people of Little Rock, Ark., live on eight square miles.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—The skins of fruit should never be eaten, not because they are not palatable or digestible, or are unhealthful in themselves, but on account of the danger arising from microbes, which may have penetrated into the covering of the fruit.

—Omelet. — Break six eggs into a bowl, beat for two or three minutes, and season with pepper and salt. Melt half a teaspoonful of butter in an omelet-pan, turn in the omelet, and shake over the fire until set. Fold over, take up, and serve immediately.—Ladies' Companion.

—For a dinner sweetmeat large fresh dates are now used. Cut them open on one side and remove the pit and put a blanched almond in its place. Prunes may be treated in the same way. If the prunes are not as fresh as one would like, soak in warm water before taking out the pit.

—A raisin broth acceptable to an invalid is made by boiling one pound of raisins slowly in plenty of water for an hour. Strain and return to the fire. Add a small piece of butter and thicken with corn starch, moistened with cold water. Grate in a quarter of a nutmeg, and season with a tablespoonful of brandy or two of wine. Sweeten to taste, and serve hot with a toasted cracker. Raisins are known to be nourishing and stimulating, and the broth is both palatable and useful.—Liverpool Mercury.

—A Way to Sweeten Lard.—After frying doughnuts or fritters or anything of that kind shave off a few slices of potatoes when you are done with the grease and drop them in the sizzling fat; let them cook an instant and then set on the back of the stove to cool very slowly. In the course of half an hour remove to a place to cool more rapidly, and just before it gets beyond the pouring stage strain through a cloth into a clean jar. You will find that the lard is nearly as sweet as ever, being only a little darker, which does not hurt it for frying cakes in again.—Farmers' Voice.

NEXT SEASON'S SHIRT WAISTS.

They Will Come High, But the Women Will Wear Them.

Women of luxurious taste, with money to support it, will soon spend $15 on a shirt waist that will be a frequent candidate for the washtub. Surely that's a pretty price for a wash garment, but experts say it will be worth the money. It will be of silk, with French collar and cuffs. For the information of the unsophisticated it may be stated that the French collar and cuffs are of the kind that turn over. It is of fine white linen, and is secured with a gold button.

Fifteen dollars will be the outside price, the dealers say, and if a woman wants anything more expensive she will be obliged to put on didoes of original design to run up the cost. On the other extreme, she can go as low as $5.50 for a waist, purchased in a fashionable store. The $5.50 waist is of gingham, and is plain enough, too, to the ordinary beholder. It must have good points, however, or it could not cost so much. What these good points are is not apparent at a glance, but the woman of fashion who has a delicate perception can tell them off to you without difficulty, and is perfectly willing to pay $5.50 so long as she is being served with the right kind of goods.

A dealer in women's furnishings struck a good thing last week, so he says. He procured the loudest colors possible in a new cloth that is called grass linen. It is a Parisian production and comes in great bars and stripes, in the deepest and most striking colorings. He tried a dozen or so of them to see how they would sell. It need only be said, to indicate what the swell woman thought of them, that he has ordered hundreds of them. She is making her next summer's shirt waists already by wholesale, and if a hot spell were to come next week she would be ready with her new waist and her sailor hat.

The highest price for a grass linen shirt waist is $8.50. A woman can buy one made of batiste linen for $12. These batistes come in deep colorings also, such as red and green and blue and yellow, all mixed up in various combinations of stripes, broken bars and plaids.

The increased popularity of shirt waists has sent them up in price even now in the winter, when one can hardly think of them without a shiver. There have been attempts to decorate the shirt waist in some unusual way, but the shirt waist, like the man's white shirt, does not lend itself easily to decoration, and it will be much as it always was when the season opens. A tuck here, a plait there and a ruffle somewhere else is about the extent of the possibility, even embroidery not being easily applied. To the expensive shirt waists six plaits have been added to the back, which, the dealer will tell you, makes the waist worth a dollar more than it was before. The six plaits are entirely new, he says, but really they are only a revival of the styles of ten years ago, as any woman whose memory goes back for a decade can testify.

It has been found that for bicycle and horseback riding nothing is more convenient than the shirt waist, so it is natural that there should be a great deal of attention bestowed on the garment. Women will wear stocks of washable material, and tie them in a big knot, so that collars will not be necessary, and she will not be obliged to tuck a handkerchief down her neck to prevent her collar wilting.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Great Difference.

Irate Person—See here; did you call me an "old celibate" in your paper yesterday?

Editor—No; I called you "an old reprobate."

Irate Person—Oh, that's very different.—Bay City Chat.